

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*

(From an original sketch.)



OFF PORTSMOUTH.

## JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

### CHAPTER I.

"What's the name of the craft you want to get aboard, sir?" asked old Bob, the one-legged boatman, whose wherry I had hired to carry me out to Spithead.

"The Barbara," I answered, trying to look more at my ease than I felt; for the old fellow, besides having but one leg, had a black patch over the place where his right eye should have been, while his left arm was partially crippled; and his crew consisted of a mite of a boy

whose activity and intelligence could scarcely make up for his want of size and strength. The ebb tide, too, was making strong out of Portsmouth harbour, and a fresh breeze was blowing in, creating a tumbling bubbling sea at the mouth; and vessels and boats of all sizes and rigs were dashing here and there, madly and without purpose it seemed to me, but at all events very likely to run down the low narrow craft in which I had ventured to embark. Now and then a man-of-war's boat, with half a dozen reckless midshipmen in her, who looked as if they would not have the slightest scruple in sailing over us, would pass within a few inches of the wherry;

now a ship's launch with a party of marines, pulling with uncertain strokes like a huge maimed centipede, would come right across our course and receive old Bob's no very complimentary remarks; next a boatful of men-of-war's men, liberty men returning from leave. There was no use saying anything to them, for there wasn't one, old Bob informed me, but what was "three sheets in the wind," or "half seas over," in other words, very drunk; still they managed to find their way and not to upset themselves, in a manner which surprised me. Scarcely were we clear of them than several lumbering dockyard lighters would come dashing by, going out with stores or powder to the fleet at Spithead.

Those were indeed busy times. Numerous ships of war were fitting out alongside the quays, their huge yards being swayed up, and guns and stores hoisted on board, gruff shouts, and cries, and whistles, and other strange sounds proceeding from them as we passed near. Others lay in the middle of the harbour, ready for sea, but waiting for their crews to be collected by the press-gangs on shore, and to be made up with captured smugglers, liberated gaol birds, and broken down persons from every grade of society. Altogether, what with transports, merchantmen, lighters, and other craft, it was no easy matter to beat out without getting athwart hawse of those at anchor, or being run down by the still greater number of small craft under weigh. Still it was an animated and exciting scene, and all told of active warfare.

On shore the bustle was still more apparent. Everybody was in movement. Yellow post-chaises conveying young captains of dashing frigates, or admirals' private secretaries, came whirling through the streets as if the fate of the nation depended on their speed. Officers of all grades, from post-captains with glittering epaulets to midshipmen with white patches on their collars and simple cockades in their hats, were hurrying, with looks of importance, through the streets. Large placards were everywhere posted up announcing the names of the ships requiring men, and the advantages to be obtained by joining them: plenty of prize-money and abundance of fighting, with consequent speedy promotion; while first lieutenants, and a choice band of old hands, were near by to win by persuasion those who were protected from being pressed. Jack tars, many with pig-tails, and earrings in their ears, were rolling about the streets, their wives or sweethearts hanging at their elbows, dressed in the brightest of colours, huge bonnets decked with flaunting ribbons on their heads, and glittering brass chains, and other ornaments of glass on their necks and arms. As I drove down the High Street I had met a crowd surrounding a ship's gig on wheels. Some fifty seamen or more were dragging it along at a rapid rate, leaping and careering, laughing and cheering. In the stern sheets sat a well-known eccentric post-captain with the yoke lines in his hands, while he kept bending forward to give the time to his crew, who were arranged before him with oars outstretched, making believe to row, and grinning all the time in high glee from ear to ear. It was said that he was on his way to the Admiralty in London, the Lords Commissioners having for some irregularity prohibited him from leaving his ship except in his gig on duty. Whether he ever got to London I do not know.

On arriving at Portsmouth, I had gone to the Blue Posts, an inn of old renown, recommended by my brother Harry, who was then a midshipman, and who had lately sailed for the East India station. It was an inn more patronised by midshipmen and young lieutenants than

by post-captains and admirals. I had there expected to meet Captain Hassall, the commander of the *Barbara*, but was told that, as he was the master of a merchantman, he was more likely to have gone to the Keppel's Head, at Portsea. Thither I repaired, and found a note from him telling me to come off at once, and saying that he had had to return on board in a hurry, as he found that several of his men had no protection, and were very likely to be pressed, one man having already been taken by a press-gang, and that he was certain to inform against the others. Thus it was that I came to embark at the Common Hard at Portsea, and had to beat down the harbour.

"Do you think as how you'd know your ship when you sees her, sir?" asked old Bob, with a twinkle in his one eye, for he had discovered my very limited amount of nautical knowledge, I suspect. "It will be a tough job to find her, you see, among so many."

Now I had been on board very often as she lay alongside the quay in the Thames. I had seen all her cargo stowed, knew every bale and package and case; I had attended to the fitting up of my own cabin, and was indeed intimately acquainted with every part of her interior. But her outside—that was a very different matter, I began to suspect. I saw floating on the sea, far out in the distance, the misty outlines of a hundred or more big ships; indeed, the whole space between Portsmouth and the little fishing village of Ryde seemed covered with shipping, and my heart sank within me at the thought of having to pick out the *Barbara* among them.

The evening was drawing on and the weather did not look pleasant, still I must make the attempt. The convoy was expected to sail immediately, and the interests of my employers, Garrard, Janrin, and Company, would be sacrificed should the sailing of the ship be delayed by my neglect. These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind and made me reply boldly, "We must go on, at all events. Time enough to find her out when we get there."

We were at that time near the mouth of the harbour, with Haslar Hospital seen over a low sandbank, and some odd-looking sea-marks on one side, and Southsea beach and the fortifications of Portsmouth, with a church tower and the houses of the town beyond. A line of redoubts and Southsea Castle appeared, extending farther southward, while the smooth chalk-formed heights of Postdown rose in the distance. As a person suddenly deprived of sight recollects with especial clearness the last objects he has beheld, so this scene was indelibly impressed on my mind, as it was the last near view I was destined to have of old England for many a long day. For the same reason I took a greater interest in old Bob and his boy Jerry than I might otherwise have done. They formed the last human link of the chain which connected me with my native land. Bob had agreed to take my letters back, announcing my safe arrival on board—that is to say, should I ever get there. My firm reply, added to the promise of another five shillings for the trouble he might have, raised me again in his opinion, and he became very communicative.

We tacked close to a buoy off Southsea beach. "Ay, sir, there was a pretty blaze just here not many years ago," he remarked. "Now I mind it was '95—that's the year my poor girl Betty died—the mother of Jerry there. You've heard talk of the Boyne—a fine ship she was, of ninety-eight guns. While she, with the rest of the fleet, was at anchor at Spithead, one morning a fire broke out in the admiral's cabin, and though officers and men did their best to extinguish it,

some how or other it got the upper hand of them all; but the boats from the other ships took most of them off, though some ten poor fellows perished, they say. One bad part of the business was, that the guns were all loaded and shotted, and as the fire got to them they went off, some of the shots reaching Stokes Bay, out there beyond Haslar, and others falling among the shipping. Two poor fellows aboard the Queen Charlotte were killed, and another wounded, though she and the other ships got under weigh to escape mischief. At about half-past one she burnt from her cables, and came slowly drifting in here till she took the ground. She burnt on till near six in the morning, when the fire reached the magazine, and up she blew with an awful explosion. We knew well enough that the moment would come, and it was a curious feeling we had waiting for it. Up went the blazing masts and beams and planks, and came scattering down far and wide, hissing into the water; and when we looked again after all was over, not a timber was to be seen."

Bob also pointed out the spot where nearly a century before the Edgar had blown up, and every soul in her had perished, and also where the Royal George and the brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, with eight hundred men, had gone down several years before the destruction of the Boyne. "Ay, sir, to my mind it's sad to think that the sea should swallow up so many fine fellows as she does every year, and yet we couldn't very well do without her, so I suppose it's all right. Mind your head-sheets, Jerry, or she'll not come about in this bobbie," he observed, as we were about to tack round the buoy.

Having kept well to the eastward, we were now laying up to windward of the fleet. There were line-of-battle ships and frigates and corvettes, and huge Indiamen as big-looking as many line-of-battle ships, and large transports, and numberless merchantmen, ships and bargues, and brigs, and schooners; but as to what the Barbara was like I had not an idea. I fixed on one of the largest of the Indiamen, but when I told old Bob the tonnage of the Barbara he laughed, and said she wasn't half the size of the ship I pointed out.

It was getting darkish and coming on to blow pretty fresh, and how to find my ship among the hundred or more at anchor, I could not possibly tell.

"Well, I thought from your look and the way you hailed me, that you was a seafaring gentleman, and on course you'd ha' known your own ship," said old Bob, with a wink of his one eye. "Howsomever, we can beat about among the fleet till it's dark, and then back to Portsmouth; and then, do ye see, sir, we can come out to-morrow morning by daylight and try again. May be we shall have better luck. The convoy is sure not to sail in the night, and the tide won't serve till ten o'clock at earliest."

"This comes of dressing in nautical style, and assuming airs foreign to me," I thought to myself, though I could not help fancying that there was some quiet irony in the old man's tone. His plan did not at all suit my notions. I was already beginning to feel very uncomfortable, bobbing and tossing about among the ships; and I expected to be completely upset, unless I could speedily put my foot on something more stable than the cockle-shell, or rather bean-pod, of a boat in which I sat. I began to be conscious, indeed, that I must be looking like anything but "a seafaring gentleman."

"But we *must* find her," I exclaimed, with some little impetuosity; "it will never do to be going back, and I know she's here."

"So the old woman said as was looking for her needle in the bundle of hay," observed old Bob, with provoking

placidity. "On course she is, and we is looking for her; but it's quite a different thing whether we finds her or not, 'specially when it gets dark; and if, as I suspects, it comes on to blow freshish, ther'll be a pretty bobbie of a sea here at the turn' of the tide. To be sure, we may stand over to Ryde and haul the boat up there for the night. There's a pretty decentish public on the beach, the Pilot's Home, where you may get a bed, and Jerry and I always sleeps under the wherry. That's the only other thing for you to do, sir, that I sees on."

Though very unwilling to forego the comforts of my cabin and the society of Captain Hassall, I agreed to old Bob's proposal, provided the Barbara was not soon to be found. We sailed about among the fleet for some time, hailing one ship after another, but mine could not be found. I began to suspect at last that old Bob did not wish to find her, but had his eye on another day's work, and pay in proportion, as he might certainly consider that he had me in his power, and could demand what he chose. I was on the point of giving up the search, when, as we were near one of the large Indiamen I have mentioned, a vessel running past compelled us to go close alongside. An officer was standing on the accommodation-ladder, assisting up some passengers. He hailed one of the people in the boat about some luggage. I knew the voice, and, looking more narrowly, I recognised, I thought, my old schoolfellow Jack Newall. I called him by name, "Who's that?" he exclaimed. "What, Braithwaite, my fine fellow, what brings you out here?"

When I told him, "It is ten chances to one that you pick her out to-night," he answered. "But come aboard; I can find you a berth, and to-morrow morning you can continue your search. Depend on it, your ship forms one of our convoy, so that she will not sail without you."

I was too glad to accept Jack Newall's offer. Old Bob looked rather disappointed at finding me snatched from his grasp, and volunteered to come back early in the morning, and take me on board the Barbara, promising in the meantime to find her out.

The sudden change from the little boat tumbling about in the dark to the Indiaman's well-lighted cuddy, glittering with plate and glass, into which my friend introduced me—filled, moreover, as it was, with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen—was very startling. She was the well-known Cuffnells, a ship of twelve hundred tons, one of the finest of her class, and, curiously enough, was the very one which two voyages before had carried my brother Frederick out to India.

I had never before been on board an Indiaman. Everything about her seemed grand and ponderous, and gave me the idea of strength and stability. If she was to meet with any disaster, it would not be for want of being well found. The captain remembered my brother, and was very civil to me; and several other people knew my family, so that I spent a most pleasant evening on board, in the society of the nabobs and military officers, and the ladies who had husbands and those who had not, but fully expected to get them at the end of the voyage, and the young cadets and writers, and others who usually formed the complement of an Indiaman's passengers in those days. Everything seemed done in princely style on board her. She had a crew of a hundred men, a captain, and four officers, mates, a surgeon, and purser; besides midshipmen, a boatswain, carpenter, and other petty officers. I was invited to come on board whenever there was an opportunity during the voyage.



"We are not cramped, you see," observed Newall, casting his eye over the spacious decks, "so you will not crowd us; and if you cannot bring us news, we can exchange ideas."

True to his word, old Bob came alongside the next morning, and told me that he had found out the *Barbara*, and would put me on board in good time for breakfast.

I found Captain Hassall very anxious at my non-appearance, and on the point of sending the second officer on shore to look for me, as it was expected that the convoy would sail at noon; indeed, the *Active* frigate, which was to convoy us, had *Blue Peter* flying at her mast-head, as had all the merchantmen.

"You'd have time to take a cruise about the fleet, and I'll spin you no end of yarns, if you like to come, sir," said old Bob, with a twinkle in his eye, as his wherry was see-sawing alongside in a manner most uncomfortable to a landsman.

"No, thank you, Bob, I must hear the end of your yarns when I come back again to old England; I'll not forget you, depend on it."

Captain Hassall had not recovered his equanimity of temper, which had been sorely ruffled at having had two of his best men taken off by a press-gang. He had arrived on board in time to save two more who would otherwise also have been taken. He inveighed strongly against the system, and declared that if it was continued he would give up England and go over to the United States. It certainly created a very bad feeling both among officers and men in the merchant service. While we were talking, the frigate which was to convoy us loosed her topsails and fired a gun, followed soon after by another, as a signal to weigh. The merchantmen at once began to make sail, not so quick an operation as on board the man-of-war. The pipe played cheerily, round went the capstan, and in short time we, with fully fifty other vessels, many of them first-class Indiamen, with a fair breeze, were standing down channel; the sky bright, the sea blue, while their white sails, towering upwards to the heavens, shone in the sunbeams like pillars of snow.

The *Barbara* proved herself a fast sailer, and could easily keep up with our active protector, which kept sailing round the majestic-looking but slow moving Indiamen, as if to urge them on, as the shepherd's dog does his flock. We hoisted off Falmouth, that other vessels might join company. Altogether, we formed a numerous convoy—some bound to the Cape of Good Hope, others to different parts of India—two or three to our lately-established settlements in New South Wales, and several more to China.

I will not dwell on my feelings as we took our departure from the land, the Lizard lights bearing N. half E. I had a good many friends to care for me, and one for whom I had more than friendship. We had magnificent weather and plenty of time to get the ship into order; indeed I, with others who had never been to sea, began to entertain the notion that we were to glide on as smoothly as we were then doing during the whole voyage. We were to be disagreeably undeceived. A gale sprang up with little warning about midnight, and hove us almost on our beam ends; and though we righted with the loss only of a spar or two, we were tumbled about in a manner subversive of all comfort, to say the least of it.

When morning broke, the hitherto trim and well-behaved fleet were scattered in all directions, and several within sight received some damage or other. The wind fell as quickly as it had risen, and during the day the vessels kept returning to their proper stations in the

convoy. When night came on several were still absent, but were seen approaching in the distance. Our third mate had been aloft for some time, and when he came into the cabin he remarked that he had counted more sail in the horizon than there were missing vessels. Some of the party were inclined to laugh at him, and inquired what sort of craft he supposed they were, phantom ships or enemy's cruisers?

"I'll tell you what, gentlemen, I think that they are very probably the latter," said the captain. "I have known strange things happen: vessels cut out at night from the midst of a large convoy, others pillaged and the crews and passengers murdered, thrown overboard, or carried off. We shall be on our guard, and have our guns loaded, and if any gentry of this sort attempt to play their tricks on us they will find that they have caught a Tartar."

## MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER I.—SELFISHNESS, PITY, AND GRATITUDE.

Who are the real educators of the young? If by education we mean only teaching, this question would not be difficult to answer. But if by educating we mean that preparing of the entire human being for what it has to be, and what it has to do, throughout the whole of its probable life from childhood to old age, then the question assumes a different aspect, and we wait, almost in vain, for an answer when we ask who really educate the young?

In the hope of getting rid of some portion of the responsibility which arises out of this question when fairly and conscientiously put, we sometimes say, "There is the education of circumstance, which goes a long way towards the formation of character." But who selects or controls the circumstances by which the young are influenced in very early life?

Of course we should be told by ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, who might hear the question—"Who does educate the young?" that our public schools and colleges do this; and these institutions being for the most part in the hands of men who have themselves been educated in the same manner, we come to a certain round of question and answer, cause and effect, which has neither beginning nor end, and which consequently admits of no further inquiry as to whether education itself can be altered or improved.

This, however, is not the most enlightened way of looking at the subject, and certainly it is not the most encouraging, because it admits no hope of change. And yet education, above all other things, ought to admit of change—of constant and great improvement. Of all our social institutions education ought to be least governed by routine; because, unless adapted to the rapidly changing character of society, it can be no fit preparation for what the individual who is educated has to be and to do in the progress of life. Of all our provisions for the future, education has most need of adaptation not only to things as they are, but as we would have them to be, and hope they will be.

The application of the question already asked shows us at once the fallacy of making education a mere system of routine. But even if we should hold by this system so far as to choose for the teachers of a school only such masters as had themselves been taught in the same, it is impossible but that the young under their care should receive some bias of character incidental

to the changes continually taking place in society, and which would render the routine-system of the school inapplicable to their requirements as active and progressive members of such society.

It is impossible for this reason—because the mother is at work long before the master takes possession of the child. The nurse, too, is at work; home influences are at work; the education of circumstance has been busy with the child, and hence impressions have been made, and a bias of character has been imparted, such as no after education will in all probability be able entirely to obliterate or set aside. This may be for good or for evil, but it will certainly be there; and it will remain with the child all the more tenaciously, because it will have reached and affected those portions of his character which are not reached or affected by the teaching of schools.

To use a familiar figure by which this subject seems to be best understood—the school will deal with the child's head—the mother will have dealt with its heart. Neither head nor heart, however, can be dealt with quite separately. Both will mature as the child grows up to man or womanhood. As the nurse, while endeavouring to perfect her infant charge in the art of walking, does not forbid but encourages, though it may be indirectly, the use of its hands, so the school teacher, while bent upon exciting the intellect of his pupil, loading his memory, and quickening his powers of calculation, has beside him all the while a little beating heart which is learning to beat time to influences which he may unconsciously have set in motion. Or in the case of a mother bent only upon cultivating the affections of her child, so she also, by a system unknown to herself, may be leading on its opening mind to embrace either truth or falsehood in the region of intellect.

The question next arises, which is most important in the after development of the human being—the head, or the heart? Out of the head comes capability—out of the heart, motive. Human life is so constituted, human duty so appointed, that we need both; but a very slight acquaintance with education as generally conducted is sufficient to show us that the heart bears no comparison with the head in the amount of regard bestowed upon its cultivation. In other words, the moral bears no comparison with the intellectual. Capability is the one great object of attainment. Motive is, for the most part, left to take care of itself.

Such being the case with school education—and if we require proof that it is so, we need only glance over a few pages of those advertisements of school books, teachers, assistants, &c., which appear in our public papers, chiefly about midsummer and Christmas,—such being the case with school education, the responsibility of parental or home education becomes all the more serious as regards the heart of the child; especially when we bear in mind that out of the heart come motive, desire, love, hate—all that makes us morally, what we are as agents of good or evil, and religiously, what we are as believers in the word God, and doers of his will.

Parental education in our present social condition must almost necessarily be of a very one-sided description. What can the father, who is a man of business in many cases, know of his children, or what can he do for them? He may see them now and then, but his intercourse with them must be extremely limited, and his acquaintance with their hearts and their motives must be partial in the extreme. Besides the shortness of the periods during which the father is associated with his children, there is this great disadvantage operating against his influence over them—that children do not

develop at any given moment, or on compulsion: They open their little hearts, and disclose the treasures of their understandings just when the fit is upon them, and often at the most unsuitable times for receiving the benefit of a father's instruction. Not unfrequently, when the child is lying down to sleep, it will perplex its ignorant nurse with a question so decisive in its moral tendency, that the father who does not hear it—perhaps the mother too—can scarcely measure the amount of loss which that child sustains by not having them to answer it.

Such moments of curious and intelligent inquiry often occur to the child when walking out in the country with its nurse; and these are the times when the providential care of a heavenly Father, and the wonders of his creation, may be begun to be unfolded to the inquirer in a simple, familiar, but always a true way with surprising benefit; when a kindly interest may be excited in the animal world, and a love awakened for the beauty which may be seen in flowers, or leaves, or any of those near objects which fall under the observation of a child. These golden opportunities are for the most part left entirely to the nurse, and how nurses in general are prepared for turning them to the best account, is a matter requiring no comment here.

After all, and in whatever light we regard this subject, we are compelled to go back to the mother for a large amount of that education which really forms the character of the man or the woman. It is not, and it cannot be, entirely the work of schools, although many parents think it can; and some are not very tolerant towards those schools which fail to effect at sixteen what should have been done at six. To the mother we must go back, not as really the more responsible agent, but as the only one whom the usages of society appear to have left at liberty for the discharge of the full amount of parental duty; and perhaps the mother also might say, were the question put to her, that the usages of society had not left even to her the time or the means for discharging these duties aright.

With the question of duty, or the choice of duties, where the number is so great that one must be done, and another left undone, I presume not to meddle. This is a point on which individuals must exercise their own judgment. I am only supposing there may be mothers who do take this duty up themselves, and laying it seriously and thoughtfully to heart, do desire to learn whatever can be learned in relation to the right performance of this particular duty. Even here there can be no specific rule laid down by the wisest amongst us. With all our boasted attainments in knowledge and capability, so little is really known as regards the education of character that help can only be looked for from those who have carefully thought the matter out, and feelingly laid up in store for practical use, whatever has been discovered in the way of serviceable truth. Such help may sometimes come from unexpected sources, and it may present itself in a very humble form. The more simple the better for the experimental purposes of ordinary life.

Under the conviction that help of this kind—especially help in the cultivation of the heart, with all its motives, desires, and moral tendencies—is more needed in the present day than any other kind of help, I have ventured to put together a few thoughts, the result of much thinking on this important subject, hoping that they may possibly be useful to some who are just feeling that way which mothers have to tread, bearing at first their precious charge along with them, and then consigning it to an unknown future, through which all must in one sense walk alone.

Perplexed, as all writers appear to be, with the profound and complicated nature of the subject, I have determined to treat it almost as a child would; and with this view before me, I shall continually speak as in common parlance of the head, and the heart, although the latter will be almost entirely the subject of my remarks, not only as being most within the range of my own observation and means of understanding—not only as being most interesting in itself, at least to me, but as being most neglected in our systems of education. Of the heart, then, as being the centre from whence spring motive and desire, I propose to speak as the source of that which is most needed for the correcting of those evils which press heavily against our social prosperity, and for the establishment of a purer moral sense, and a higher moral tone throughout our social relations.

There are few mothers—so few that we scarcely call the exceptions *human*—who do not care for the little helpless infant body. God has given them this natural spring of maternal tenderness and solicitude, in common with the lower animals; but though so common as to be called an instinct, we can never regard this unselfish, unsparing devotedness of the mother in any other light than as one of the purest and most beautiful of all the provisions of a kind Providence, ordained for purposes of preservation and enjoyment.

All that has to be done with the infant beyond the care of its body has been left by the wisdom of the great Creator to be cared for and provided by the higher faculties of the human parent, which faculties are possessed by man alone as an intelligent, responsible, and immortal being. Herein consists the great difference between man and the lower animals, as well as between human beings in a cultivated and enlightened condition, and those who have never learned the great fact of their own responsibility as intelligent and immortal beings.

Of the little helpless body in the first stages of its existence, there is no need to write. But soon the germs of thought begin to manifest themselves, and then, just as the nurse would teach the child in its first attempts to walk, how to step truly, fairly, uprightly, so an equal amount of pains should be taken to teach the child how to think truly, fairly, and with upright purpose of heart.

Those who regard education as beginning only with the learning of the alphabet, and think it is carried on only by the teaching of direct lessons from books, or masters, will be astonished to find, as they may by actual experiment, how much of the work of true education may be done before the child is able to read a single word. It is, indeed, a melancholy mistake to teach reading before thinking. Words, mere words, without a body of sense or meaning in them, are worse than dull. They are wearisome in the extreme; but when the child has a little thought to put into every word which it is learning to spell, or when from the act of thinking it is able to find the appropriate place for any more insignificant word as a help in the expression of thought, the case is materially altered, and the child may be led on, dressing thoughts in words with something like the pleasure which is felt in dressing a doll.

But the question of paramount importance to the human parents is, what they desire that their child should be prepared to be and to do in after life; or in other words, what are the principal lessons which the child must learn in order rightly to fill a place of social and religious relationship both to God and man.

One of the great social lessons necessary for the right filling of this place as embodied in the golden rule is

this, to do to others as we would that they should do to us, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. How is this, perhaps the most difficult of Christian lessons, to be taught in early childhood? Why, the little child itself is a perfect bundle of selfishness—eating and drinking, grasping and getting, always ready to scratch the face, or tear the hair, of either mother or nurse if they are not quick enough in supplying its wants, or if they refuse to supply them.

Unlovely as this picture may appear, and unamiable as selfishness always looks, we must not broadly find fault with it. Self-love is implanted in the nature of the child, as in that of the whole animal creation, for purposes of self-preservation. It is the gift of God, and it is perfectly right at first that the little child should love itself, and grasp and get what it can; but it is no less necessary, because of this, that the time should be narrowly watched when it will be no longer right for the child to be governed by self-love, when a new law of existence must be established, and the old law modified, brought under, and made subservient to the new.

Many people in other respects wise, and many who are both wise and good, talk of the necessity for this selfishness being entirely rooted out, as if such a thing were possible. No; it is a portion of the elementary nature of the human being, originally, perhaps, a little stronger in some than in others. The way to manage this, as well as many other tendencies inherent in the nature of the child, is to call up and bring against it a counteracting power, to bring into operation the law of kindness, to establish habits of consideration, love, and even pity for others; above all, to excite in the yet tender and susceptible feelings of the child a sense of satisfaction and delight in making others happy, in alleviating their pain when they suffer, and in sharing with them whatever brings enjoyment, so that no pleasure shall to them be perfect if experienced alone.

To make the child avowedly the dispenser of actual good to others, while yet in its infancy, may prove to be only transferring its original selfishness from the thing enjoyed to the open, and often ostentatious act of giving. This is scarcely a likely method for bringing about the desired result. It would, I think, tend more to promote this end to be a little chary as regards the reality of infant property.

Love of property is one part, and a very useful one, of that original selfishness which it is so necessary that education should teach how to regulate and hold in subjection. A love of property, in other words, a desire to obtain and possess, is one of the most active tendencies of our nature. It is the stimulus of industry, and the lawful object of honest work, while it gives stability to national and individual prosperity. And yet this natural tendency may be so ill-regulated as to be greediness in childhood, and covetousness in old age.

A love of property is generally considered so harmless in a child that it is encouraged rather than controlled. But surely it would be wiser, as well as more in accordance with truth, to bring up a child with the idea that almost all which it enjoys is lent or given to it by others, and that very little is really its own. Out of that little, not out of other people's property, should come the gifts of the child; the constant sharing with others of all which it most enjoys, not being enforced as a painful duty, but permitted as a privilege, without which no good thing would be either truly good or sweet.

There are parents who conscientiously make their children always pick off a little crumb from their cake for the mother, the nurse, or perhaps the elder sister, who has conscientiously received the crumb into their



months with many grimaces, indicating the immense value and magnitude of the gift, while the little hero, who has conferred this vast benefit, sits down with satisfaction, and gobbles up his huge slice of cake. This is considered to be making the child generous; but alas! how little is this generosity like that which will be required of him afterwards, perhaps at some heart-rending sacrifice, before he can be a truly generous man.

I know of nothing more likely to produce the effect desired with regard to property than the making of an equal distribution, wherever this can be done. The child, I think, should give as much as he takes himself, just as we are required to do in after life by good manners and good feeling. And here would be another useful lesson, that of teaching the child to share the common lot without complaining, than which there are few lessons more desirable to be learned in early life, few more difficult to learn for the first time in mature age.

The sentiments which most effectually oppose, control, and overweigh our natural selfishness are chiefly pity and gratitude; I would say love, and that pre-eminently, only that love assumes so many characters, and some of them very selfish ones. It is quite possible to love one or more individuals, perhaps one's whole family, in a greedy, absorbing, and exclusive manner. But if we can bring ourselves to understand love as charity, then we accept that noble definition given us by the Apostle Paul, and we see how beautifully this sentiment embraces all that is generous, compassionate, forbearing, and kind.

Love is also a feeling somewhat difficult to expand in the infant heart. A little child is always a partizan, its love intensely personal. The more it loves one individual, or even two, or three, the more it seems disposed to resist or repel all others who might by implication stand in the ranks of opposition. The love of a little child is naturally like the small rill gushing out from the mountain's side, clear and pure, but necessarily single and narrow in its course. It requires the swell of the broad river to embrace the plain from hill to hill, and so to fertilize vast tracts of cornfield and meadow.

But pity is a different matter to deal with. It may be awakened at any time and applied to all cases of suffering. It cannot, like love, be classed amongst our spontaneous emotions. Indeed, it seems rather a melancholy fact to acknowledge, but experience amply confirms the remark of Dr. Johnson, that pity has to be taught, and that children are not naturally compassionate. Here, then, is a beautiful piece of work for the mother. Her child may not be compassionate, judging strictly by outward manifestation; but yet in that little heart, which it is her peculiar province to understand, and educate, she will find, far down perhaps in its delicate recesses, the tender threads of pity which it will be her happy and holy task to draw out, and attach to every form of suffering which life presents.

So beautiful is the development of pity on the part of a child, that there is danger from an opposite direction, lest it should be made a luxury, and so degenerate into morbid sensibility to pain. But of the two extremes that of not caring at all for the sufferings of others is so much more objectionable, that there can be little hesitation as to which of the two it would upon the whole be safest to risk; and in this, as well as in all other cases of stimulated faculty, either in feeling or understanding, such extremes will have to be guarded against by the judicious care of those who engage in the great work of education.

Seldom is the sentiment of pity awakened without the accompaniment of a desire to relieve, to help, or to defend. It is delightful to think what the Author of our being has done for us in this way, if we would but accept his gifts, and use them aright for the good of our fellow creatures, and for his glory. Here we see that no sooner is the emotion of pity deeply stirred, than there follows an impulse to help. It is true the little child, always a partizan, will often manifest a desire to defend, nay, even to avenge by doing battle against some supposed enemy to whom the pain or the sorrow which awakens its pity is attributed; and there is no limit to the wrath or indignation which, on such occasions, the child will sometimes manifest. All this emotion the mother has to lay hold of, and turn into channels of help.

Thus we see that, by the instrumentality of the mother's hand, guided by that nice discrimination and tact which God has given her for the purpose of understanding and educating the heart of her child, those emotions, even the wildest, which would naturally burst forth into explosive passion, and perhaps destructive action, may be turned by her gentle care into peaceful and health-giving channels, bearing ever as they flow balm to the wounded, help to the feeble, and comfort to the sorrowing.

If pity may thus be used as the great corrective of natural selfishness, gratitude is scarcely less effective in producing the same happy results. And yet it is wonderful how little pains are taken to inspire in children the feeling of gratitude. True, there is this difficulty in the way of inspiring gratitude—a little child does not know, and really cannot understand, how much is done and suffered in its service. It can make no calculation of the nights rendered sleepless by its wailings—of the care, the anxiety, the self-denial, and labour by which its thousand wants are supplied. It is impossible that it should form any estimate of these; but so far as it can understand, it is most important that the sentiment of gratitude should be awakened and maintained with the most assiduous care.

This is the more necessary, because, as regards its natural selfishness, the poor little child stands at a great disadvantage. It has everything against it in being constantly ministered to by others. Gifts are poured into its lap by those who look delighted to give. It sits like a king, receiving all. How should it be otherwise than selfish? How indeed, unless the mother will help to influence the heart of her child—that centre out of which will spring all motive for the actions of its future life.

Let gratitude then be the great work of the mother to foster and deepen. A sense of *indebtedness* on the part of the child will help in this work; and as children are always personal in the exercise of their sentiments, it is good to keep them in mind of the individual benefactors to whom they owe this or that indulgence, or to whom they are indebted for the possession of their toys, books, or any other article of infant property. In this way the memory of the child may be exercised with benefit, both to that and the heart, even at a very early age.

It would not be easy to estimate the vast, the almost incalculable difference morally, and under religious teaching, of a child in whom the sentiment of gratitude is genuine and deep, and one who has never been taught to pour out its best and sweetest feelings through this channel. It is pitiful to think of the loss which a human being sustains by not being heartily and habitually grateful. Those who are so know that no feeling,

in the whole range of human experience, brings with it more genuine pleasure than that of heartfelt gratitude. Where this feeling has not been fostered in early youth, or where it exists only in a meagre, half-starved form, the grudging acknowledgment of kindness received is sometimes a hard and painful duty. How different that generous outburst from a grateful heart, which diffuses even more happiness than it receives!

After all, these teachings of the young heart are but preparatory to the work of the great Teacher. And yet these first stirrings of sentiment and feeling are the germs of great principles. They are stirrings of those motives which will animate the active life of the true being; and they are such as that being will be called to exercise in the highest range of Christian experience. Pity and gratitude—the one to help in all the sufferings of this mortal life, the very motive which brought the Saviour down to earth; the other embracing that vast debt which we owe to Him, and sweetening and sanctifying every duty, however small, which we try to render in return.

## TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

VI.—GRANADA.



THE VERMILION TOWER IN THE ALHAMBRA.

The reader will observe that I made rather a circuitous journey to get to Granada. There is a route by which I might have reached this city direct from Cordova, by striking off from the main line at Alameda, and by diligence to Loja, and thence by rail to Granada.

This route, to a person unacquainted with the language, presents some difficulties, as happened to some of my friends who went by it. They were too late for the train, and had to remain at a wretched Fonda in Loja for the night, which made the journey of about seventy miles occupy the greater part of two days. I think it better, though at a trifling additional expense, to make Malaga the head-quarters; leave one's luggage, and start light-handed to Granada.

The previous evening, at the *table d'hôte*, I arranged to join two English tourists, one of whom had a "courier" (half Spanish and half Basque), who spoke indifferently four or five languages—an excellent guide, and kind-hearted, obliging fellow. We left Malaga at 6 A.M. by rail through the mountain range, the wildness and grandeur of which rather increased with familiarity. We got out at the station near Antequera, one of the old Spanish towns, where the habits and customs of the half-Moorish peasantry are still retained.

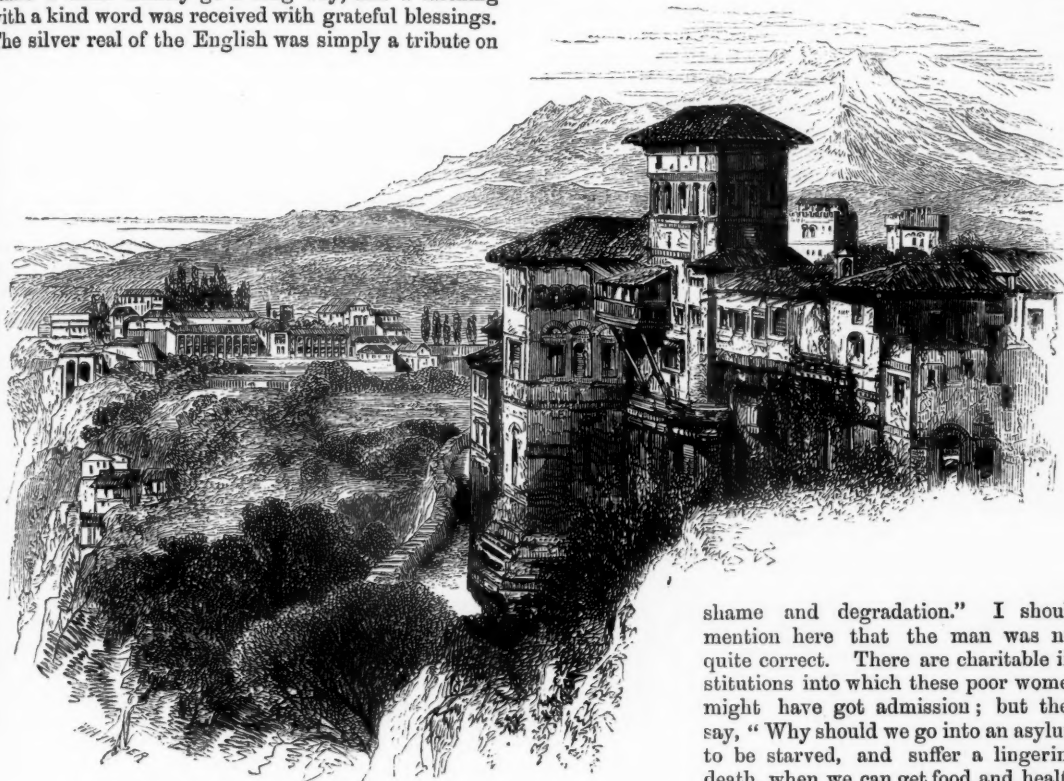
The readers of Washington Irving's romantic history of the "Conquest of Granada," will remember the prominent position this ancient Roman and Arabic city held in the history of Spain at that period. Here the "flower of Spanish chivalry" assembled in 1484, to wreak their vengeance on the Moors for the disasters of the preceding year, "and to lay waste the kingdom of Granada," which they did "like a stream of lava spreading over these fine and fertile regions." So effectually did these "brave cavaliers" carry out their cruel purpose, that they have left their mark on this desolate tract to the present day. The town, which contains about 20,000 inhabitants, is finely situated on the face of the hills, and looks well at a distance, with its white-washed walls and old castle on the height; but miserable and dilapidated within. Here a diligence was waiting us, yoked with five pairs of mules, harnessed with scraps of leather and ends of rope—both cattle and equipage presenting a very rickety appearance. The driver was rather an agreeable, jolly fellow, and perfectly "master of the occasion." We had two other attendants, —a postilion on the first mule, and a man who ran by the side of the diligence to tie up anything that might require adjustment. These two men in dress (or rather, I should say, in rags) and appearance had a half-savage look, that reminded one of their Arab origin; and yet their looks belied them, for we found them kind and inoffensive. Eight uncomfortable mortals were crammed into the interior of this packing-case—a compromise between a small omnibus and the old diligence—and for five hours were jolted and shaken through ruts and over boulders, the unpleasantness of which could only be equalled by a ride on the hump of a hard trotting dromedary. In some parts there was scarcely an apology for a road. The roads in Spain at present remind me of the description we have of those in Great Britain two centuries ago, or even as late as 1745, when the King's army took so long to advance towards Derby, and could scarcely bring their artillery through the fields and unmade roads. In this and some other respects, Spain is much in the same position now that Great Britain was in the time of the first and second Charles, quite 150 or 200 years behind the rest of Europe in all that tends to comfort and progress. The country through which we passed is a succession of broken, dry, sandy-looking hills and rich fertile plains. We had only one change of cattle, at the town of Archidona, one of the worst I have seen in Spain for misery and wretched poverty, where men are driven to robbery from downright starvation.

As soon as we got out of our packing-case, and before



we could "shake ourselves out," we were surrounded by at least a hundred and fifty beggars of all ages: from the ragged, starved child, to the old, blind, and diseased. Their importunity amounted almost to an attack on the person; they would take no denial. The Spaniards make a little charity go a long way, and a farthing with a kind word was received with grateful blessings. The silver real of the English was simply a tribute on

I am, I would strip every altar, and even the priests of their rich sacerdotal robes, for such a purpose. They are always preaching up the virtue of charity and good works, till they have made pauperism an institution of holy pride and honour, rather than



THE ALHAMBRA, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE GENERALIFE.

the stranger, and it was a source of pain and sorrow that one could do so little for them. There is no sham or imposture in this mendicity. We found on inquiry that there was little employment for the people, and those who had work were getting two reals, that is, fivepence a day, perhaps to provide for a family of five or six persons. The marvel is how they can exist, even with their few wants and beautiful and luxuriant climate. I remember, while visiting the cathedral at Seville, a poor old woman, superior in dress and appearance to most of the beggars who infest that building, came up and solicited alms in a most pitiful strain. Before assisting her, I inquired of my guide if he knew anything of this woman, and he told me that her husband had been for some years a clerk in a Spanish house in London; that he was the best linguist in Seville, and had for many years acted as guide and interpreter to foreign noblemen and gentlemen; that her son had been studying for the law, when both father and son had been carried off by cholera, and the widow left destitute. There was no provision for such persons but to solicit alms. We were just then looking at the image of the Virgin, which, as I have already mentioned, is said to be decorated with some £60,000 worth of jewelry. I remarked that the value of these useless jewels round the neck of that wooden doll would endow an asylum for twenty or thirty of these respectable poor. My guide replied, "Yes, Catholic as

shame and degradation." I should mention here that the man was not quite correct. There are charitable institutions into which these poor women might have got admission; but they say, "Why should we go into an asylum to be starved, and suffer a lingering death, when we can get food and health in the open air?" particularly as there is no shame attached to such a life. A

sturdy beggar came to an English friend's door soliciting alms. My friend offered him a job for a few hours. "What will you give me?" was his inquiry. A sum was mentioned. The beggar turned on his heel, saying he could make more than that on the street. The municipality know this well, and try to put it down; but while the practice is encouraged and fostered by the priests, under the cloak of "pious works," there is no hope of reform.

After five hours' drive over these trackless roads, we arrived at Loja, another old and interesting city lying on the borders of the province of Granada. The reader will find this city frequently referred to by the writer already quoted, but spelt Loxa—the x, like the j, is sounded h. It stands on a high rugged hill approached by an old bridge spanning the Xenil. It was here that the Moors made their last great defence against the army of Ferdinand and Isabella; and here our English yeomanry, under the Earl of Rivers, astonished Moors and Spaniards with their prowess and fearless bravery. This ruinous but still picturesque city has nothing of modern interest, except as a type of Spanish destruction and desolation. I had almost forgotten to say that it is the birthplace of the late Prime Minister of Spain, General Narvaez, and where he concocted many of his dark plans and intrigues. He only survived for a few months his rival, O'Donnell. The line of railway is now open from this city to Granada, where

we arrived at 7 P.M., after a long and rather fatiguing journey.

There are two large and good hotels on the hill adjoining the Alhambra, called the Siete Suelos and the Washington Irving; and in the town the two best or worst are the Victoria and Alameda, which have all the cold misery and irresponsible character of Spanish Fondas; let no one go there. One of my companions was an invalid, and was recommended to the Victoria as being the only hotel where there were fireplaces. Unfortunately, we went there; and this was a great blunder, as the two hotels in the Alhambra have fireplaces and many of the comforts and conveniences of English and French hotels, with a warm southern aspect, and are within the grounds of the Alhambra. When we speak of fireplaces in Spain, I should mention that this was an exceptional season. The thermometer was down to twenty-eight degrees the three nights we were at Granada, and the ice half-an-inch thick, and the cold as penetrating as if it had been ten or twelve degrees of frost, while in the sun at midday the heat was fifty-six to sixty degrees.

Many persons say they are disappointed with the Alhambra. I cannot say that it was so with me. I had seen panoramas and photographic views, and read up carefully its changeful history, and fully realised all my expectations. One needs no book here. Tower, and wall, and ruin tell the story, from the first settlement of the Arabs to the last devastations of the French vandals and Spanish restorers. Standing on one of the western towers of the palace wall, the view around is magnificent. Below extends a rich valley of twenty to thirty miles, surrounded with mountains, and in the distance is the snow-capped range of the Sierra Nevada glittering in the sun's rays. The town lies partly in the valley—and on the slopes of two hills—that of the Alhambra and another spur to the north, divided by the river Darro, which runs through the town, and soon after joins the Xenel, which waters the broad valley below. The poor, if there be any distinction, live on the slopes of the opposite hill, where the Gipsies or Gitanos live in miserable huts, or burrow like rabbits, in the face of the hill, with the pig, donkey, and children in close family intercourse.

When Granada was one of the chief cities and strongholds of the Moor, the population was estimated at half a million; it is now about fifty thousand, without labour and without life, the picture of retrogression, so that one turns with something like pleasure from the present to the wreck of the past. A long avenue of elm trees leads up to the main entrance of the palace, and passing through a high horse-shoe arch, called the Gate of Justice, we approach, amidst ruins, the Palacio Arabe, the real Alhambra or palace of the Moors. This consists of a succession of halls and patios of the most beautiful and elaborate arabesque apartments, called the Hall of Ambassadors, Hall of Justice, Hall of the Abencerrages, Hall of the dos Hermanas—that is, the two sisters—the Hall Comares, the Mirador, the Court of the Sultana, and the Court of Lions, with smaller patios or courts, which I need not enumerate. The Court of Lions is that with which the public are most familiar, from the model in the Sydenham Palace, the destruction of which is sadly to be lamented. All honour to Mr. Owen Jones and the artists who were associated with him, to whom England owes so much for the genius, taste, and labour which gave it such a school of art and beauty, in which the poorest man in England may learn more than much cost and travel could accomplish! The original court is 120 by 65 feet; and there

are 120 marble pillars of 12 feet high. If my readers remember the beautiful porticoes on each side, and the fountain in the centre, and the matchless stalactite dome in the Hall of Ambassadors, they have only to increase this three or fourfold in imagination, and they will have all the courts, halls, and corridors that I have named, ornamented with inscriptions from the Koran and Arabian poets, interwoven with flowers and ornaments coloured like the border of a rich Cashmere shawl. These colours were blue, red, and yellow, with secondary colours of purple, green, and orange or gold. The colour has now almost disappeared, the walls having been whitewashed or plastered over half an inch thick by the restoring Spaniard, who could see no beauty in the fairy work of the tasteful Moors. Still sufficient remains to give one an idea of what it must have been in its pristine beauty. There are guides in a semi-military uniform who conduct the visitors round these apartments, but as usual hurry through the halls, so that I had to make three or four visits, and on each occasion to give a *douceur*. The artist or amateur should get an order from the captain-general, that he may visit when and how he likes, and he will find an ample reward for any time that he can bestow on their beautiful details.

I am trying to think of some familiar site to compare with the situation of Granada, but can find none. But for the Moorish palace and fort let us take the Castle and High Street of Edinburgh, and surround them with a wall of two and a-half miles, built irregularly to meet the configuration of the ground, with towers, bastions, and horse-shoe arched gates. Within this space imagine the palaces, mosques, gardens, and fountains of the Moors. The river Darro rushing down from the snowy range brought an abundant supply of water, which was conveyed into the grounds by an aqueduct, when every court and corridor and garden walk had their clear and cooling *jets d'eau*, where the luxurious Mussulman reclined on his silken cushions, with his black-eyed Fatima at his feet to mix his sherbet and administer to his wants. All this is now but a dream, and we awake to a scene of ruin and desolation.

I have said that the history of Granada is written on stone and brick. Charles V, true to the character of his adopted country, determined to add his chapter to its pitiful history, with poor and impotent efforts at grandeur. He gave orders to clear away a square of 250 feet of the most tasteful work of the Moors in order to build a palace that should eclipse all the works around. The outer walls are nearly finished; and round and over the doors are marble bas-reliefs of some merit, and over the entrance in large characters is the name of the founder, "Carlo Quinto." But the bare walls and roofless palace stand as a monument of the rise and decline of this empire—a poor, plain Doric ruin, passed with contempt, while the works of the despised Saracens, even in their ruins, are still the admiration of the world.

On a higher ridge, overlooking the palace, is the Sierra del Sol, from which the view extends from the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada down over the wide and fertile valley of the Provence. On this hill is a Moorish Palace reached through a beautiful avenue of cypress trees. This palace, called the Generalife, is still in good order, surrounded by the Arab's "garden of beauty." A branch of the Darro is led through the palace and gardens, which are thus kept in perpetual freshness. The apartments and terraces are in the pure Arabesque style, and in wonderful preservation, though many of the minute designs and much fine colouring have

been defaced by the "whitewash" mania of the Spaniards. The garden, through which the water flows, is one perpetual spring: terrace over terrace is filled with orange, lemon, laurel, and evergreens of every clime; the cypresses and myrtles are plaited and guided into every fanciful form. From the higher to the lower terraces, the stair balusters, of blue tiles, form a water-course, where the pure stream bubbles up in every form of beauty. From this garden by moonlight the view over the Alhambra is sad and sublime; the defects are hidden by the deep shadows of tower and wall, while the bright moon lights up the whole outline, and gives a solemnity and grandeur to the scene, which cannot be described. I could fill pages with my three days' experience, but I might tire your readers, and it is time for me to descend into the city again.

There are two institutions in Spain which may be said to flourish, "native to the soil," as far as pomp and pageantry can go, that is, their theatres and cathedrals. There is scarcely a finer theatre in Europe than the one in this dull, miserable, and poverty-stricken city, and the cathedral is amongst the finest in Spain. The latter is in the best style of Roman architecture. The groined roof is supported with groups of Corinthian columns, and there are altars innumerable, with some good pictures, and many gaudy trappings. The most interesting objects in the Royal Chapel are the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their immediate successors. These tombs are of fine white marble and alabaster, and in the best style of Italian art. The statues of both, lying side by side, are superb works of art, and said to be perfect likenesses. Coming out of this chapel I met my young American friend, who told me he had just been in to see these sepulchres, and that he "guessed them fixings must have cost a big sum of money." There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the "fixings" must be the latter. Amongst the other churches and places we visited, I may refer, in passing, to the Cartuja, that is, the Carthusian Convent. This, though robbed of its silver ornaments and jewels by the French, is still a gem of art, in marble and alabaster, the doors richly inlaid with ebony and tortoise-shell, and the courts paved with slabs of white and black marble. Round the corridors is a series of indifferent frescoes, representing the martyrdom of the Carthusian Friars by Henry VIII. I have not much to say in favour of this "Pope King," except that he lived in the spirit of the Roman Church, and died under its ministers. But to give him his due, these paintings are a sad calumny on the memory of the bluff Harry, intended as an insult to the Protestants, and a warning to the youths of Spain to beware and fly from the Lutheran heresy. From this point we obtain a fine view of the Vega. This term does not exactly correspond with the English word "valley," but is nearer to the Scotch term "carse," a low, flat, fertile land spreading out for many miles.

It would be out of place here to give the reader a chapter of Spanish history, but it is difficult to describe the present state of this fine tract of country without some reference to its past history. This rich valley stretches out some thirty by twenty miles, and watered by the united streams of the Darro and Xenel. Before the expulsion of the tasteful and industrious Moors, it teemed with a population far in advance of the rest of Europe in agricultural skill and resources. The irrigation from these rivers formed a network through the Vega, which was cultivated like a garden, and of which scarcely a vestige now remains. It may be instructive to make some comparison between

the progress of a free and independent nation, and the retrogression of this unhappy country. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the population of Great Britain might be about three millions; that of Spain a century earlier was estimated at twenty-one millions. Since that time our population has increased to twenty-four millions, and we have populated the new world with upwards of thirty millions, who are in possession of our laws, religion, and political freedom. And following up the same principle, we are making a nation in Australia. Spain has now a population of fourteen millions, with ruined desolate cities, uncultivated fields, and hopeless indolence. So much for the Romish Church, and the "purifying influence" of the Inquisition, which, to use the epigrammatic language of our Yankee cousins, has succeeded in civilising the inhabitants off the face of the earth. About six miles off, and within view, is the property of the late Duke of Wellington, called the "Soto de Roma." It will be remembered that after the battle of Salamanca, which decided the fate of the Peninsula, this estate was presented to the Duke. I did not visit the property, and am unable to say what may be its condition or value, and it would not be safe to give perhaps the exaggerated information obtained from guides.

Our explorations ended, I returned by the same route to Malaga, much gratified with our journey; and with some of the same party engaged a passage in the steamer to Barcelona.

## PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDD.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

### VII.—POETS AND PAPERS.

YET another peep at the modest "folio of four pages;" and yet another view of that broad sheet which is its proud descendant in the modern "Times."

The parson poet, the Rev. George Crabbe, who was flippantly pronounced by the wits to be "Pope in worsted stockings," but whom Byron more correctly described as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best," published, in the year 1785, a satirical poem called "The Newspaper," which he considered to be "the only poem (then) written on the subject." This poem was dedicated to the great Lord Thurlow, who, having once given the cold shoulder to the young and struggling poet, telling him that he had no time to read his verses, had afterwards, thanks to the great Edmund Burke, taken notice of Crabbe, invited him to dinner, given him a hundred pounds, told him (with an oath) that he was as like parson Adams as twelve to a dozen, and then presented him to two small livings.

When this same Lord Thurlow, at the outset of his career, occupied a tall stool in a solicitor's office in Southampton Row, he and his fellow clerk were constantly engaged, according to that clerk's testimony, "in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law." In after years, when Thurlow was rapidly growing into a great man, he was as slow to recognise his old office companion (who had now been called to the Bar) as he was to take notice of Crabbe. Eventually, however, he condescended to renew the acquaintance of his former fellow clerk; who repaid him by some verses "On the Promotion of Edward Thurlow, Esq., to the Lord High Chancellorship of England." Thurlow, who, thanks to



the magic of Sir Joshua's pencil, is handed down to posterity "looking wiser than a mere mortal," was himself a poet; or rather he was a stringer of rhymes. But his old office companion far outstripped him in the race to the Parnassus of poetic fame; and Lord Thurlow's name, in connection with verse, will not so much be remembered from his own "Angelica and Select Poems," as from those lines beginning "Round Thurlow's head in early youth" that were penned by William Cowper, the Chancellor's old desk companion in Southampton Row.

Although the parson-poet Crabbe has nowhere depicted so bright and charming a scene as that brought before us by Cowper, in the snug parlour at Olney, with its tea-table, drawn curtains, and the "folio of four pages" just brought by "the herald of a noisy world," and the peeps that could be then taken at that world through the loopholes of retreat; yet he has, with much painstaking, painted many pictures of domestic life in England, that in themselves constitute a national gallery of peculiar value. In these pictures the newspaper of the day finds its place.

It is noteworthy that the two descriptions of the newspaper by Crabbe and Cowper, were published almost simultaneously in 1785; Crabbe's poem being a little in advance of Cowper's. Thus, as "The Task" had not yet appeared, to leap at one bound into public prominence, and, in Southey's language, to make "the best didactic poems when compared with 'The Task,' like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery," Crabbe was fully justified in claiming for his own poem the merit of "novelty," and in assuring his readers that he believed it to be the only poem then written on the subject. And, indeed, although the fourth book of "The Task" gives such a full description of the newspaper and its varied contents, yet, Crabbe's poem is restricted to the one subject of its title, "The Newspaper," his views of which materially differed from those of Cowper on the same subject. For the political predilections of the parson-poet caused him to take a very low estimate of the journals of the day. In his opinion, "the more of these instructors a man reads, the less he will infallibly understand." One set of writers was abusing his patron Burke and the Coalition Ministry; while another set pursued a similar course with his other patron, the Duke of Rutland, to whom he was domestic chaplain, and from whose princely residence, Belvoir Castle, the poem of "The Newspaper" was issued. Thus, the views of the journals of the day were strongly coloured by the party spirit of the age, and caused his poem to be chiefly written in the satirical vein. Not that we, in these days, are entire strangers to those "wordy wars" maintained by "party pens;" although the system of journalistic warfare in which virulent recrimination and personal abuse are freely mingled, is, nowadays, commonly relegated to such purely provincial newspapers as the "Eatanswill Gazette" and the "Eatanswill Independent," and to such purely provincial personages as the Buff and Blue editors of those two redoubtable journals. In the provinces, party spite will still flourish with a luxuriance greatly in contrast to the humility and cautious tone assumed by the country newspapers when they were first established; for then they altogether abstained from politics, and merely gave a dry abstract of events. They were, in reality, papers of news, and chronicled in brief fashion the incidents of the day. Two of the very earliest of these papers, the "Worcester Journal" and the "Stamford Mercury" still flourish and maintain a high character.

It might have been thought that Dr. Johnson's connection with the Press would have restrained him from dealing out his sturdy anathemas against his fellow journalists. But, in "The Idler," he quotes the definition of an ambassador—which, by the way, Isaak Walton says was originally written in Latin in the album of Christopher Flecamore, by Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice—"a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country;" and, says Dr. Johnson, "a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit. For these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary." This was pretty much the opinion of Crabbe; though Cowper took a milder view; and, in his poem on "Charity," he expresses his sense of the leading deficiency in journalism in the following couplet:—

"Did charity prevail, the press would prove  
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love."

We may congratulate ourselves that the corrupted character of journalism, with its scandal, slander, fraud, falsehood, and folly, which was permitted to degrade the newspaper press of Crabbe's day, and which he lashed with pardonable, though stinging, severity, has given place to a Press, which (with rare exception) is an honour to the country that has produced it. Letters of "Junius" would now be as great an anomaly in the Thunderer's pages, as though its broad sheet were converted into the repulsive similitude of a "scourge" or "satirist." Crabbe's friend Burke could scarcely have said, in 1868, that he who reads a newspaper for a year, will, at the twelvemonth's end, hold the same opinions as the writer of the paper. For, although public opinion is undoubtedly greatly influenced by the Press, yet, newspapers have been so multiplied since Burke's day, that a politician is no longer content with reading his one journal, but scans a goodly sheaf of "dailies" and "weeklies," in which the various sides of a question are regarded from as many different stand-points. Thus, in every argument, political or otherwise, we hear counsel's opinion, on either side; we examine the witnesses for the prosecution and defence; and then we sum up our judgment as best we may. The influence of the individual newspaper to mould, guide, and sway its reader, has probably gone; at any rate, in the full sense in which Burke spoke of its power.

It is to the last ten years that we must turn for the greatest proportionate increase of newspapers in any similar period since the first publication of the gazettes, "Daily Courant" and "Weekly News." In 1858 the total number of journals published in the United Kingdom was 866; in the present year, according to "The Newspaper Press Directory for 1868," their number is 1,324, of which 85 are daily papers. In 1858 the number of daily papers was less than half this total, viz., 41, of which 29 were published in England, 5 in Scotland, and 7 in Ireland. The alteration in the stamp and paper duties partly accounts for the great increase of the past ten years; and the establishment of cheap newspapers has added to the number of readers and furthered the demand. The above-named official authority thus divides the 1,324 newspapers issued in the United Kingdom in the present year: in London, 253; in the provinces, 751; in Wales, 49; in Scotland, 132; in Ireland, 124; in the British isles, 15. Of these, there are 53 daily papers published in England; 1 in Wales; 12 in Scotland; 13 in Ireland; and 1 in the British isles. And, in addition to these 1,324 newspapers, there are

621 magazines, in some of which a summary of news is given and the immediate topics of the day are handled. When we consider this, and that the issue of new books in 1866 was 4,204, and, in 1867, 4,144, we have before us a body of statistics that is truly formidable in its amount and cannot readily be grasped from its very vastness. To these considerations might also be added that suggested by the thought of the innumerable journals published in the same English language in various quarters of the world; but this would lead us into a field of enquiry far too large to be traversed here. I might, however, refer to an extraordinary fact mentioned not long since by the Bishop of Peterborough, at the annual meeting of the district branch of the Church Missionary Society, that the liberty of the Press and the influence of journalism in India have recently been developed in a remarkable degree; and, that in addition to the twenty newspapers now published in Bengalee and Persian, in Calcutta alone, there are others, written in English by native Indians, which exhibit a familiar acquaintance with the current events in European life. The Bishop specially instanced the "Hindoo Patriot," and said, "It is in English, and is written and edited entirely by native Hindoos, not Christians, but all more or less belonging to the liberalized Hindoo school of theology. It is really difficult to believe that its articles and correspondence are not the work of educated Englishmen; while the tone in which it recognises the identity of Indian and English interests, and steadily contemplates a time when India will be administered by native officials, as a loyal and integral portion of the British empire, is still more remarkable." And the Bishop expressed his opinion that the religious regeneration of India was equally as hopeful as were its political and social prospects; and that the influence of the Press was for good, and in harmony with missionary work.

The friendly work of the electric telegraph in linking together distant nations, must not be forgotten as an important adjunct to newspaper success. Some remarkable instances of recent telegraphic triumphs were given in the "Varieties" column of this periodical, for May, page 352. The longest express that has, as yet, ever been sent through the wires, either in England or America, since the establishment of the system of electric-telegraphy, was early in the present year, when Mr. Gladstone made his two speeches at Ormskirk and Southport. Both these speeches appeared at full length in the "Times" and "Daily Telegraph" of the next day. The Southport speech alone filled nearly five columns of the paper. It was taken to Liverpool by train, reaching there at 11.25 at night. In five minutes the wires had begun to flash its sentences to the metropolis; and at 1.40 in the morning the last word of the speech, scarcely cold from the speaker's lips, was spelled out at the central telegraph station in London. The total number of words transmitted of Mr. Gladstone's speeches was 30,745; and soon after ten in the morning, I read them in the "Times" broad-sheet, in the sequestered village of Minima-Parva, 74 miles from London. If this be not a marvel, where shall we look for wonders?

And this supplement of the "Times," that is so often cast aside after a glance at its first column, is not that, too, a marvel in itself—a marvel of arrangement, accuracy, and display of the multifarious wants and requirements of the people? Mr. John Parry used to sing that he knew not "a cure that's so good for the vapours," as reading the "wants" that appear in the papers; and here they are, in serried files and compact columns, from those who want places for their money, to those

who want money for their places. The advertisements have developed in number in proportion with the size of the sheet required to contain them; for in the very first number of the "Times" there were but 63 advertisements; and those of the briefest. (Crabbe, by the way, places the long accent on the penultimate; "Now Puffs exhausted, Advertisements past.") As the "Times" excludes all objectionable advertisements, — including those of the "Racing Tips,"—we may take a broad view of its broad sheet, without meeting with anything offensive. It is a sign of healthiness when the face of a newspaper is freed from noisome eruptions; and this, with few exceptions, is the rule of the metropolitan press. It is in the provincial newspapers that quacks are too freely permitted to set their traps—baited with "the government stamp"—for the foolish, the vicious, and the unwary. Crabbe speaks of them in his poem:—

"When, lo! the advertising tribe succeed,  
Pay to be read, yet find but few will read;  
And chief th' illustrious race, whose drops and pills  
Have patent powers to vanquish human ills:"

and his seventh letter in the poem of "The Borough" is chiefly devoted to an exposure of the advertising quacks:—

"Void of all honour, avaricious, rash,  
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—  
Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop, or pill;  
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill."

But quacks still flourish, and will probably continue to do so while human credulity exists. Fear and fancy go a long way. "There is hardly a man in the world, one would think," said Steele, "so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers. Yet, such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before, are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails." We may observe that of those "sleeping cordials" mentioned by Crabbe (in "The Borough") the sale is still so great, especially in the Fen counties, that Dr. Alfred Taylor, in his report to the Lords of the Privy Council, in August, 1864, in speaking of the sale of "Godfrey" and opium, said, that the average annual consumption of opium in one district in Lincolnshire was at least 100 grains per head, and that at one shop, as many as from three to four hundred customers would, on a Saturday night, be served with opium, sold in pills and penny sticks. The use of opium as a leading cause of infant mortality in the Fens, is also mentioned in Mr. J. E. White's valuable report in "The Children's Employment Commission," issued last autumn,\* and it is there stated, on the authority of the medical officer of the Privy Council, "that in some entirely rural marsh districts, the habitual mortality of young children is almost as great as in the most infanticidal of our manufacturing towns." What a picture of our modern Arcadia!

To "Daffy's Elixir" we may allow the privilege of hanging on to the skirts of an English classic; for it was advertised in Addison's "Spectator" for April 18th, 1712, the year in which the newspaper tax in the form of a stamp was first imposed. In "Bon Gualtier's Poems" (by Professor Aytoun and Mr. Theodore Martin) appeared sprightly and humorous poems on Parr's Life

\* See p. 74 of the Blue Book, "Sixth Report of the Commissioners, 1867."

Pills, Rodger's Razors, Mechi's Silver Steel, Hodgson's Pale Ale, Doudney Brothers' Clothes, Pear's Transparent Soap, and the Virginia Hams at 50, Bishopsgate Within. These pieces were given by their authors as "example of that new achievement of modern song, which, blending the *utile* with the *dulce*, symbolises at once the practical and spiritual characteristics of the age, and is called familiarly, the puff poetical." Such versical puffs, however, are relegated to the columns of provincial newspapers, and "poets and papers" are seldom found in conjunction in the daily London journals in the form of the puff poetical on Warren's Blacking, Moses' Suits, and Rose's Tea. Illustrations and peculiarities in type are also forbidden; and advertisers are thus driven to various expedients in order to attract the roving eye of the reader. Claiming a whole page of a newspaper is a very expensive affair. Above a hundred pounds is the charge for a page in the "Times," yet this is often paid, especially by publishers at the commencement of their various seasons. A whole column filled by one advertiser is very common, and a favourite device is to repeat the same words over and over again in single or double lines, or to arrange various-sized paragraphs at regular intervals; or to leave such blanks in the lines as to make a sort of pattern that can hardly fail to attract notice.

The general advertisements are classified and arranged, especially in the "Times," in a wonderfully easy way for the reader, who, after but a slight acquaintance with his newspaper, will know where to turn for his particular advertisement, whether it relates to coal or coffee, wines or waggonettes, packet-ships or perambulators, soups or soaps, plate or pickles, theatres or toilette tables, china or concerts, hotels or hats, photographs or poultry, lamps or lozenges, croquet or charity, teeth or Turkey carpets, ironmongery or institutions, railways or refuges, tea or trowsers, suppers or schools, auctions or asylums, banks or books, spectacles or sewing machines, silks or sauces, hair dyes or harmoniums, monograms or magic lanterns. To peculiar advertisements are accorded a special place in certain papers; thus, those charitable ladies and gentlemen, who for a month or two have been working with a forty-secretary power, to secure the election of a little boy or girl to some asylum or school, will know, that for the advertised result of such election, they must turn to the inner page of the chief sheet of the "Times," immediately over the theatrical advertisements. The special notices of the learned societies are also given at the head of the same page. In the "Times," the column of mystery is the second in the front sheet of the supplement; but in the "Daily Telegraph," it is the last column on the back sheet. The latter, therefore, cannot be accused of being an accomplice in a scheme in which the former has (it is said) unwittingly been often made to play its part. The first column of the "Times" sheet is that which gives the births, marriages, and deaths, which notices, as they are all paid for, very properly head the advertisements. The paper is brought to Paterfamilias at the breakfast table, and its Supplement, or "lady's portion," is handed to his grown-up daughter, in order that she may look at the first column and see, as Crabbe says,—

"What new-born heir has made his father blest,  
What heir exults his father now at rest."

but she glances at the second column, and there reads something to this effect:—"Forget me not. Waited till six. So sorry. Try same time and place on Thursday." If, however, this clandestine correspondence is adopted, it is at any rate some satisfaction to know, that it is by no means so cheap as the penny post, or so commendable as the ordinary straight-forward and

honourable course. The young may be assured that usually these notices are the traps of knaves for fools. And it is anything but romantic to pay for the insertion of an enigmatical love-letter in the same column with the lost people, strayed dogs, and stolen purses.

Occasionally, the advertising columns of the "Times," present us with other languages than our own, that necessitate the use of particular types; thus, in February last, the performance of Mr. Bandmann was advertised in German; and in the previous December, a printer advertised his readiness to undertake the printing of any works in the Abyssinian language, and gave a specimen of the type.

#### RECENT ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

WE have not yet seen "the last of the Arctic voyages." The solution of the mystery of Sir John Franklin's fate marked a period in the story of northern adventure, but neither the conclusion of this search, nor the discovery of "the north-west passage," can satisfy all the demands of science, nor the projects of adventure. A plan was formed by certain German geographers for a new exploration of the North Polar regions. A distinguished Prussian naval officer was selected for the command, and various preparations commenced, when the war with Austria absorbed public attention, and this private expedition was for the time abandoned. It is understood that the Prussian government has again taken steps to resume the exploration. Meanwhile we may keep our readers abreast of the subject by presenting the following report by Captain Sherard Osborne, who has thus narrated the most recent discoveries in the Arctic regions:—

"In Baffin's Bay, Captain Richard Wells, of the steamship Arctic, of Dundee, has been farther north in his ship in open water than any navigator had previously reached. His affidavit, forwarded to me by Allen Young, the distinguished companion of Sir Leopold McClintock in his last memorable voyage, is very clear, and bears the impress of truth.

"As early as the 20th of June last, the Arctic proceeded up Baffin's Bay, crossed the face of the glacier of Melville Bay, steamed away past Cary Isles and Hakluyt Island, visited Whale Sound of Baffin, and the subsequent scene of Dr. Kane's adventures. Captain Wells then, finding open water to the north, crossed to the west side of Smith's Sound, and still, tempted by a fine open sea, went on till he sighted Kane's Glacier of Humboldt, and must, he says, have then been in the 79th north parallel—considerably north of where I reached in 1850 in the Pioneer—beyond Inglefield in the Prince Albert, and beyond Kane in the Advance. The bold Dundee whaler was still in open water, and adds, 'I should have continued my course northwards had I seen a fish. There was no indication of ice to the northward, the sky blue and watery, and only a few small streams of light ice to be seen.' Of course, Captain Wells did right in not being tempted to risk his owner's property into the unknown straits before him, but I am sure all living Arctic officers will feel with me. Would that one of us, with a well-found discovery ship, could that day have been where the Arctic was, only 660 miles from the Pole, and I feel pretty sure, from Kane's report, that we know what to expect for at least another 120 miles, or within 540 miles of the axis of the globe.

"Had Arctic explorers listened to me in 1865, we should probably before this have solved the great problem, by the very open road which Kane and Hayes saw, and



which it was the good fortune of Wells, of Dundee, to reach. They allowed a red herring to be trailed across the track, and ran wild after open water and hot water routes *vid* Spitzbergen, and, as the Duke of Somerset very justly said, until they made up their minds as to the right road to the Pole, he could not possibly be expected to entertain any such project.

"Another remarkable voyage has been made from the Pacific Ocean by a whaler called the Nile. She has rediscovered an extensive land, which will be found recorded on all our Admiralty charts since 1850. The Russian Admiral Wrangel first mentioned it in the account of his remarkable survey of the Siberian shores of the Arctic Ocean. The Tchukties, now wandering near Cape Chelagskoi, aver that a tribe called the Onkillon fled before them across the frozen sea to a land lying north of Siberia, and occasionally seen from Cape Jakan. Wrangel questioned its existence, I believe, but Admiral (then Captain) Kellett, in her Majesty's ship *Herald*, in 1850, sighted this land some thirty miles distant; and although he would not name it, as he could not land upon it, he said, as far as eyesight could be trusted, it was land of a bold character, extending from about 175° to 180° W. long., and in lat. 71° N.

"It is a verification of this discovery which the whaler Nile brings us this year. By an extract from an American paper, which our geographical commander-in-chief, Sir Roderick Murchison, was good enough to send me the other day, I find that the sea within Behring's Straits was so clear of ice this last summer that the good ship Nile reached considerably closer to, but it does not appear that any one landed on, Kellett's Land. Her enterprising captain traced the land, so far as I can learn, to the 73rd degree north latitude, and saw it still reaching away to the northward in all the magnificence of snow-capped cliffs and mountain peaks.

"The Nile has thus done us good geographical service, though her discovery will somewhat bar the road of an illustrious German philosopher, who feels sure of a watery highway from Spitzbergen to Behring's Straits."

## THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XLVL.—ONCE MORE IN THE LANE CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the discovery of the villainy of Thomas Dickson freed the minds of Mr. Sinclair and his niece, and Dr. Pendriggen from a suspicion which they could not help entertaining that Henry Talbot had been in some way concerned in the theft of the pocket-book. It was difficult otherwise to account for the way in which the locket had come into Mary Talbot's possession. As has been heretofore hinted, since the day on which the story heard by Miss Talbot in old Dame Hoolit's cottage had been set afloat—by some means or other, as every secret becomes known in a country village—it had been generally suspected, by others besides Jemmy Tapley, that the young governess did really possess the lost trinket. This suspicion on the part of her friends had in no degree lessened their kindness to Mary herself, or decreased the respect and esteem in which they held her. On the contrary, it rather led them to regard her with greater kindness and sympathy, since no one suspected that she was in any respect to blame, or that she had the slightest idea, until long after her brother's departure for America, to whom the trinket he had left with her had originally belonged. Nevertheless it was a great relief to them to

learn that, through the discovery of Dickson's guilt, Henry Talbot stood completely exculpated. Though they delicately abstained from any allusion to the matter in Mary's presence, it was manifest to the young lady that there was more than ordinary meaning in the congratulations she received on her brother's happy return, nor had she any difficulty in surmising the cause of her friends' unusual sympathy.

There was one alone of Mary's friends who knew nothing as yet of the happy turn of affairs—one whose opinion she valued as highly, perhaps more highly, than that of any other person. Mr. Sharpe was absent from St. David on a visit to his mother when the Mohawk arrived at Falmouth. He did not return until a week afterwards, and Mary was still unaware that he had returned, when one morning she set out to visit a young woman who had been one of her elder pupils, and who had recently married a farmer who lived at some distance from the village. On her return her homeward path led her along the lane cut through the wood, in which she had first heard from Mr. Sharpe the true story of the robbery of the pocket-book, and in this lane she and the young curate had subsequently met and parted, not in coolness, still less in enmity, yet with mutual feelings of sorrow which weighed heavily upon them, for Mary had declared that circumstances, over which she had no control, had interposed an insurmountable barrier between them.

Since that day they had often met and had once interchanged letters, but unless to exchange a brief "good-morrow" they had never spoken.

Mary Talbot's thoughts reverted to this last meeting and parting when she entered the lane, which she had never passed through since that well-remembered day. She knew now that the barrier her once sensitive feelings had raised was removed. She remembered that the curate had assured her in his letter that he loved and respected her more than ever, and had urged her to cast aside all conventional prejudices and idle fears, and to allow matters to be between them as they had been; and that *she*, though her heart had sunk within her, and life had seemed to lose its brightness as she penned the words, had replied that the duty she owed to herself and others, as well as her esteem and regard for him, and her anxiety for his future welfare, forbade this. She remembered also that she had assured him that she could not any longer hold him bound to his promise, that the bonds which had existed between them were sundered, and that he was free to act as he pleased without regard to her. She wondered now whether he had taken her at her word, and trembled lest such should be the case. Much as she had to be thankful for, and to rejoice over, she still felt that there was one thing needful to perfect her earthly happiness. Yet *she* could do nothing in the matter. It rested with *him*, and with *him* only to render—as she thought at this moment—her happiness complete, or to cause her future life to be lonely and desolate.

It was only now, when the troubles and anxieties which had so long oppressed her were removed, that she discovered how large a place he held in her heart; what an aching void would be there were he to separate himself from her for ever.

It was a lovely afternoon near the end of autumn. The sun shone bright and warm, and the birds were singing merrily in the deep recesses of the wood. The sky was almost cloudless, and the atmosphere was heavy with the perfume of autumnal wild flowers.

And yet there was a tone of melancholy pervading everything above and around her. The light breeze

seemed to murmur sorrowfully amid the parti-coloured foliage the requiem of the departing year, and the withered leaves, strewn on the ground and still falling rapidly from the trees, foreshadowed the coming desolation of winter. A mournful cadence seemed to mingle with the blithe carol of the birds, as if they were conscious that the time was at hand when all their songs must cease, and when all their efforts would be needed to procure the scanty food they could gather from the snow-covered earth. The bees, busy among the autumnal flowers, no longer hovered in the air as if to make their choice of sweets, or sipped daintily from petal to petal, but hurried over their tasks as though they were instinctively aware that it was necessary to make the most of the few fine days that remained to them, ere their labours perforce must cease.\* The sea-waves resounded with melancholy moan from the distant shore; and there was in the atmosphere that oppressive languor, peculiar to the season, which tells that Nature is weary and is sighing for her winter repose.

All this was in unison with Mary's feelings at this moment, as, deeply absorbed in thought, her eyes fixed on the ground, she passed slowly through the solitary lane. Presently, however, she fancied she heard the sound of footsteps amongst the withered leaves, and raising her head she started, and stood still with surprise on perceiving Mr. Sharpe within a few paces of the spot, and coming towards her.

A choking sensation rose to her throat and prevented her utterance; her limbs trembled beneath her weight; she blushed and grew pale by turns, and the woods and pathway seemed to be whirling around her. It was so strange, so startling to see him of whom her thoughts were full, and whom she believed to be fifty miles distant, standing before her, as if by her thoughts she had summoned him into her presence.

Mr. Sharpe, though he had really walked out purposely to meet her, was hardly less disconcerted than herself. He had cut through the wood and come upon her unexpectedly, and before he was aware of the fact. For the moment all his native bashfulness returned to him. His face flushed, and he stopped suddenly as he saw her. He, however, was the first to recover his composure.

"Miss Talbot—Mary!" he said, "I have just heard what has rejoiced me beyond measure. I knew that you had walked out, and as soon as I heard the news I came forth to meet—to congratulate you. You—you are glad to see me, are you not, Mary? I may call you Mary again now?" he added, advancing and taking the young lady's hand.

Still Mary did not speak. She stood nervously turning over the dry leaves with the tip of her parasol, still trembling, and not daring to raise her eyes from the ground lest she should betray her emotion.

"Mary, why do you not speak?" said the curate. "You are not annoyed at me? You are not angry because I have called you Mary?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, we would as soon try to describe the cooing of turtle doves as the soft sayings of such a scene.

For some minutes the newly betrothed pair walked on in silence. There is a fullness of joy too great for words, as there is a depth of grief too deep for tears. Their hearts were too full of gladness for speech.

\* This is no mere poetic fancy. It is well known that the wild bees of the American woods hurry quickly over their labours, as the autumn advances, as if instinctively conscious of the approach of winter. The author has remarked this fact, and has frequently heard it remarked by others.

But how was it that to Mary's senses the melancholy, which but a short time before had seemed to pervade the scene, had disappeared? How was it that the songs of the birds, which had but a few moments before seemed to breathe a mournful cadence, now trilled forth as if the little feathered songsters were jubilant with joy and gladness? How came it that the gentle breeze which had whispered sadly to the falling leaves, now breathed happy music? that the waves of the sea which but erstwhile sent forth a hollow, melancholy moan, seemed now to murmur sweet sounds of peace and rest? How had it come to pass that in a few short moments, the fields, the woods, the sky above, the entire face of Nature, which had appeared to wear but a transient gladness in the autumnal sunshine, as though mourning amidst its smiles the quickly departing year, had undergone a change, and now seemed bright and hopeful as in early spring?

How all these changes had been brought about I leave my readers to explain to themselves; as also how it came to pass that, even to the close of their lives, the lane cut through the wood was a favourite walk with both the curate and Mary, ever recalling to mind sweet sorrow succeeded by a great joy.

But few words were interchanged between the betrothed couple during the remainder of their walk to the village, and these few were spoken at random, and had no bearing towards the feelings that filled their hearts. At the entrance of the village they separated, almost as silently as once before they had parted on the same spot, and each walked homeward alone; but with thoughts and feelings how widely different from those which had then occupied their minds, and how much happier than they had parted then.

That evening Mary told her long-treasured secret to her brother, and received his hearty congratulations; and the next day she wrote to her faithful friend, Mrs. Margaret, who had returned to her home, and confided to the good old lady all her bright anticipations in the future. At that happy moment she had no doubts nor fears; and before she closed her eyes that night, she poured forth her soul in gratitude and thanksgiving.

#### CHANGE-RINGING EXTRAORDINARY.

A REMARKABLE feat in bell-ringing is worthy of being here recorded. On Monday, April 27, the day when bells were rung and guns fired on account of the welcome news of the close of the Abyssinian war, eight members of the "Ancient Society of College Youths" occupied the belfry at St. Matthew's Church, Bethnal Green, by permission of the rector, and rang, in nine hours and twelve minutes, a true and splendid peal of Kent Treble Bob Major, consisting of 15,840 changes. This is the greatest number of changes ever rung by eight men on eight bells. We are informed that the ringing was most beautiful throughout, especially in the last peal, in which there could hardly have been a fault "pricked" by the most severe critic. The peal was composed by Mr. Thomas Day, of Birmingham, and conducted by Mr. H. W. Haley. When it is considered that the men were locked in the belfry, and did not cease ringing from 8.45 A.M. until they had finished the peal, the performance may indeed be said to stand almost unrivalled among such musical and athletic feats.

What recent efforts approached this success may be known to campanologists, but our only standard of comparison at the moment is a fact stated by Southey in "The Doctor": "Eight Birmingham youths, some of them under twenty years of age, ventured on a complete peal of 15,120 Bob Major. After they had rang upwards of eight hours and a half, they found themselves so fatigued that they desired the caller would take the first opportunity to bring the bells home. This he soon did, by omitting a Bob, and so brought them round, thus making a peal of 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes; the longest which was ever rung in that part of the country, or perhaps anywhere else."

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